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ED 102: Introduction to American Education

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Just Keep My Child Alive

Being the youngest of six I became accustomed to having people stay home to watch me. Growing up I realized that my mother was the type of person that would volunteer to babysit whoever needed her assistance in taking care of their little bundle of joy. It was unfortunate for me that my older siblings and I are nowhere near the same age. Five years separates me and the youngest before me while twelve years separates the oldest and I; leaving me with nobody to boss around. So during the times my mother was babysitting, I had someone to play with and that I was actually older than.

I don’t really know when I fell in love with babies but I know that I have always loved them. My first job ever was watching my friends’ two year old brother for the whole summer while her mother went to work and my friend went to camp. I was eleven years old and my job was to play with the kid by jumping on their trampoline, swimming in their pool (which was about two feet tall), or whatever his little heart desired. I also had other job responsibilities but they were basic babysitting 101 rules such as diaper duty, lunch, and nap time. I saw this to be the easiest job in the world. Basically all I had to do was keep the kid alive and I got paid at the end of the week.

Growing up my love for children became stronger as I got older. Every newborn that I knew I had to hold in my arms. People started noticing my love for babies and soon enough I had an agenda. Family friends started calling my mother asking her if I was free and if they can come pick me up to watch their kids. I was a natural and so much cheaper than daycare.

Practice makes perfect; it’s so much more than a saying. I watched so many kids of all ages; when I was younger that when it comes to watching babies now I’m a pro. My siblings nicknamed me the baby whispering because I am usually the one to stop babies from crying. One day my brother was unexpectedly left alone with our two year old niece and called me asking what he should do to keep her from crying, I told him to sit her on his lap put on “Arthur” on YouTube and she should be fine. He responded by saying “Thanks, I knew I could count on you. That’s why we call you the baby whisperer.”

I always loved kids, mostly babies, I truly enjoy having them in my presence especially if I can give them back to their parents at the end of the day. I keep learning more and more with every baby that I get to watch. I learn from them and they learn from me and the cycle continues. Being an expert at something doesn’t mean that you know it all but it means that you’ve learned from past experiences and accommodated to those situations.